

THE
ENGLISH
BEAUTYS.
A
POEM.

*Are They not more than Painting can express,
Or Youthful Poets fancy, when they love.*

ROWE.

*No Beauteous Blossom of the Fragrant Spring,
Tho' the Fair Child of Nature newly born,
Can be so Lovely—*

OTWAY.

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NEW

BEAUTY

A

POEM

On the first of the year 1811.
By the author of the "Poem of the Year 1810."

1811

THE first of the year 1811.
By the author of the "Poem of the Year 1810."

1811

LOWELL

THE first of the year 1811.
By the author of the "Poem of the Year 1810."

(1811)



The ENGLISH BEAUTYS.

I.



H O' God a Paradise had given,
And Man in *Eden* plac'd,
The Shades nor yet, delighted Heaven,
Until with Woman grac'd.

II.

Some say, when she created was,
She rais'd an Am'rous Devil,
And was the beauteous wicked Cause
Of our first Parent's Evil.

III.

WOMAN ! whose lovely fatal Charms,
E'er since the World began,
Have ruin'd Empires, caus'd Alarms,
And been the Bane of Man.

IV.

WOMAN made *Anthony* a Slave,
He fell by Woman's Art;
And how did the World's Lord behave,
When Woman had his Heart ?

V.

His *Roman* Bravery was then
Expell'd by *Cupid's* Flame :
All Heroes thus, turn'd Women's Men,
Have ever prov'd the same.

B

VI.

VI.

But things like these are only said,
When *Strepson's* Love is crost,
When *Celia's* Sights have turn'd his Head,
And every Sense is lost.

VII.

For none take liberty to rail
At Women, Matchless Creatures,
But they, whose Understandings fail,
Or have not seen their Features.

VIII.

Ev'n Savages by Women are
To Gentleness subdu'd,
And gracious Heaven form'd the Fair
To civilize the Rude.

IX.

When Men the greatest Anguish feel,
They cure with wondrous Skill;
And Wounds which Women cannot heal,
We deem incurable.

X.

O happy *Isle!* who well may boast
In Women to excel;
Nor those who Realms and Seas have cross'd,
Can find their Parallel.

XI.

When MONTAGU charm'd *Gallic* Plains,
French Bards this Truth confess'd;
For her began their tuneful Strains,
And thought their Country bless'd:

XII.

XII.

Each Nymph abroad let *British* Beaux

View with impartial Eyes ;

Like HOWARD shew me one of those,

And I will yield the Prize.

XIII.

Should DISCORD now an Apple give,

By HOWARD 'twould be won ;

And *Venus* now would greatly grieve

To see herself our-done.

XIV.

Nor think with HOWARD's *beauteous* Face

The World alone is fir'd,

Her Air, her Shape, her every Grace

Are equally admir'd.

XV.

The Line of Beautys I'd pursue,

Could I your Leave obtain,

And there another HOWARD view

In Charming DELORAINE.

XVI.

Fair RICHMOND next shall grace my Song,

She will inspire the Lays ;

To whom amongst the *beauteous* Throng

Can we give juster Praise ?

XVII.

Long have a PEMBROKE's Pictures been

The Fame of *Pembroke* Hall ;

In HOWE his nicest Taste was seen,

That fine Original.

XVIII.

A Foreigner once QUEENSB'ROUGH spy'd,
Was shot with Beauty's Ray,
And in his Rapture thus he cry'd,
Can such a one be Clay!

XIX.

If such inhabit here, said he,
If here such Beauty's given,
If Earth is blest with such as she,
What shall we see in Heaven!

XX.

Now Muses open all your Springs,
For FIELDING touch the Lyre,
The World of her, like *Kitty*, rings,
And is again on fire.

XXI.

There surely is a Magick Charm
In Lady *Fanny's* Name:
Thus SHIRLEY gives a new Alarm,
And lights another Flame.

XXII.

When GRANVILLE breathes *St. James's* Air,
She mends the finest Day:
And Beauty, when a PITT is there,
Displays its brightest Ray.

XXIII.

Beauty again in LETHULIER
In its full Splendor shines;
In whom the Graces all appear,
Who every Heart confines.

XXIV.

XXIV.

What Words or Praises can suffice,
 When ABERGENNY's nam'd?
 Whose pleasing Shape and piercing Eyes
 Succeeding Lords enflam'd.

XXV.

This Relict, *Nevil* most elates,
 Is priz'd above the rest;
 For what are Titles or Estates,
 When TATTON is possess'd.

XXVI.

Your Colourings, Muse, are much too faint
 For PULT'NEY's Charming Wife,
 As well you might attempt to paint
 A HARVEY to the Life.

XXVII.

On HYDE I've gaz'd with fix'd Surprise,
 To gaze am still inclin'd;
 And *Argus*, with his hundred Eyes,
 Would leave them all behind.

XXVIII.

The well-bred KYTE will always charm;
 TALBOT's for Beauty fam'd:
 And powder'd Beaux in Clusters swarm,
 Whenever MORDAUNT's nam'd.

XXIX.

When CORNWAL shews her blooming Face,
 Each drooping Heart revives;
 And who can all the Beautys trace
 Of that fair Creature, DIVES

XXX.

XXX.

In EYLES (the Pride of *Cæsar's* Walls)
 Amazing Beauty's seen ;
 Nor any Nymph at Courtly Balls,
 Displays a finer Mien.

XXXI.

And whilst that great Metropolis
 My Captive Muse confines,
 Let me describe its other Blifs,
 How Beauteous BRISTOW shines.

XXXII.

But what aspiring Muse can dare
 Such Beauty to relate ;
 For only he can match this Fair,
 That did her first create.

XXXIII.

To too great length such Nymphs as these,
 Would swell my weak Essay ;
 Or, where so many Women please,
 I'd write an *Age* away.

XXXIV.

Women, who all like Angels seem,
 In whom such Blifs we find ;
 Let me pursue the glorious Theme,
 And animate Mankind.

XXXV.

But cease my bold, adven'trous Muse,
 Nor fetch from Heaven Fire,
 Lest you, like rash *Promethæus*,
 For ravish'd Flames expire.